and her hands on my knee, and her hair was as wine
in its wealth and its flood, pouring on and all over
Her bosom wine-red, and pressed never by one,
And her touch was as warm as the tinge of the ned brown as it reached to the kies of the sun-her words were as low as the lute-throated And as laden with love as the heart when it beats hot eager answer to earliest love, the bee hurried home by its burden of sweets.

e lay low in the grass on the broad plain levels, d Hevels and I, and my sto on brown bride. Forty full miles if a foot to ride, orty full miles if a foot, and the devils Camanches are hot on the track once they strike it. Let the sun go down in to his feet, and to me, to my bride, is eyes were like fire, his face like a orra like's king, and his beard like a cloud, his voice loud and shvill, as if blown from read, "Pall, pull in your lassos, and bridle to steed, and speed you if ever for life you would speed, and ride for your lives—for your lives you must ride;
For the pilain is affame, the prairie on fire,
And feet of wild hore -, hard flying before,
I hear like a sea breaking high on the shore,
Welle the buffalo come like avurge of the sea,
Briven far by the flame, driving fast on us thre

over again,
And again drow the girth, cast aside the macheers,
Cut away tapidares, loosed the sash from its fold,
Cast aside the catenas red and spangled with

course; Turned head to the Brazos with a sound in the air Like the rush of an army, and a flash in the eye Of a redwall of fire reaching up to the sky. Stretching fierce in pursuit of a black rolling sea, Rushing fast upon us as the wind sweeping free And afar from the desert, bearing death and des-

There was work to be done, there was death in the And the charce was as one to a thousand for all.

and the route need to neck with a building built, as monarch of millions, with shaggy mane full smoke and of dust, and it shook with desire battle, with rage and with bellowings loud dunestribly; and up through its lowering cloud me the fash of his eyes like a half-hidden fire, like his keen, crooked horns through the storm

I looked to my left then, and nose, neck, and

And np intough ine black, slowing veit of her hair
Did beam full in mine her two marvelons eyes
With a longing and love, yet a look of deepair,
And a pity for me as she full the smoke fold her,
And flames reaching far for her glorious hair.
Her sinking steed (altered, his eager cars full)
To and fro and unsteady, and all the nock's swell)
Did subside and recode, and the nervos full as dead.
Then she saw that my own steed still lorded his
head
With a look of delight; for this Pache, you see,
Was her father's, and once at the South Santafee
Had won a whole herd, sweeping everything
down
In a race where the world came to run for a crown.

down
In a race where the world came to run for a crown.
And so when I won the true heart of my bride—
My neighbor's and deadliest enemy's child.
And child of the kingiy war chief of his tribe—
She brought me this steed to the border the night
She met Revels and me in her perilons flight
From the lodge of the chief to the north Brazos

And said, so half gressing of ill as she smiled, As If lesting, that I, and I only, should ride The fleet footed Pache, so if kin should pursue Hung her horn in the palms, when surely and

fire,
The last that I saw was a look of delight
That I should escape—a love—a desire—
Yet never a word, not a look of appeal,
Lest I should reach hand, should stay han One instant for her in my terrible flight.

Then the rushing of fire rose around me and under.

And the howling of beas's like the sound of thunsing and blind, and forced onward and over.

Beasts burning and blind, and forced onward and over.

As the passionate fame reached around them and who should be sound of them and the passionate fame reached around them and the love and top to bottom, that every one who stroiled affection, especially, of the poorer classes among them. I ask no better encominem that the respect which and the love and top to bottom, that every one who stroiled affection, especially, of the poorer classes among them. I ask no better encominem that are that all with sectional and the poorer classes and completeness throughout, from the poorer classes around the ment, a corner bed-chamber, gorgeously ment, a cor Over,
As the passionate flame reached around them and
wove her
Hands in their hair, and kissed hot till they died—
Till they died with a wild and desolate moza,
As a sea heart-broken on the hard brown stone.
And into the Brazos... I rode all alone—
All alone, save only a horse long limbed,
And blind and bear and burned to the skin.

were near.

Sut you'd better pack up! Curse your dirty skin!
couldn't have thought you so niggerdly small.

So you men that make books think an old mount-

mouth, and he swelled up as big as two.
This he thought the effect of his disease, and so he took another does He lay foaming at the mouth for three When he came to himself he took a spoonful of the medicine and threw it into the fire, when it exploded with a great flash. against the stone wall. Then he went to the store and found his bottle of cough mixture all safe, but a bottle fly poison

## SOUTH-EASTERN INDEPENDE

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THE STRANGE VISITOR TO W .....

BY GRORGE L. CATLIN. Towards the close of a long, hot sum mer day, not many years ago, the daily mail coach came down the shaded street of the quiet village of W —, on its way to the old fashioned hostlery standing at the cross roads in the centre of the town, where a sign, swinging to the wind, announced entertainment for man and beast, and where, in fact, for all travelers in that mail-coach the day's journey ended. The day had been a mercilessly warm one; the day, and been a merciess y warm one; the dust, in great clouds, rolled up from the wheels, the driver sat begrimed and coat-less on his box, and the jaded animals barely kept up at a gait faster than a walk, by the consciousness of their near approach to the night's resting-place. Not unpleasant, either, was the contrast which dusty vehicle with its occupants presented to the cool, quiet of the sidewalks and verandas which it passed on its lazy journey down the shaded thoroughfare. Bareheaded urchins sat upon the grassy banks, or tossed their hats aloft in welbanks, or tossed their hats aloft in wel-come. Bevies of laughing, fair-haired children flitted by, while within the white palings which lined the street could be seen, seated here and there in the shadows, happy family groups, delightfully sug-gestive of refreshing coolness and com-

as when born-as when new from the A rather singular looking old gentleman he was, too, at first sight, not at all such As bare as when born—as when new from the hand of God—without word, or one word of command, a one as you would single out in a crowd to ask for either sympathy or assistance. His death:

Turned head to the Brazos with a breath in the the way and the sympathy or assistance. His face had a worn and forbidding look to proachable; hesitated not to express his total cost of materials and labor required total cost of materials and labor required. face had a worn and forbidding look to the Brazos with a breath in the hair wing hot from a king leaving death in his course; with a sound in the air a the rush of an army, and a flash in the eye redwall of fire reaching up to the sky. Ike that of aman who had battled all his life with care and anxiety, and had his life with care and anxiety and had labor required to express his completion before the 15th of onext being account to express his demphated disgust at whatever did not s phases, had made up his mind pretty early in the day that his solitary passenger was not a man to be easily cultivated. All be said none knew where, for different the lawyer read. "Why, you don't mean Rode we on, r.de we three, rode we gray nose and efforts to draw him into conversation had ones, lounging in and out of the hotel at to occupy such a house as this all alone, I

a halt before the tavern door, and the jour-The old man-for he did seem old, as with his short, bent figure, and limping gait, he shuffled up the hotel steps, and across the sanded floor-gave some directions about his baggage—which consisted of a small superannuaved trunk, and a car-pet-bag which had seen its best days long ago-inquired in a sharp, fitful way where fifty. ago—inquired in a snarp, fittil way where the proprietor was, and upon that in-dividual making his appearance, in the form, not of the conventional rubicund-visaged Boniface, but of a demure, sober-faced man, whose lethargic movements scended to make his earthly home and to keep a hotel in W--- because he couldn't

comfortable rooms vacant. "Do you simply want lodging over night, sir," meekly inquired the host. "No, sir," was the reply; "a week, two

weeks, a month, or two perhaps."

A momentary gleam of the sordid seemed to overcome the submissive in the inn-The stranger glanced over the pages of the book before him. Not an arrival that

Boggs and the almost illegible scrawl on

But could they have known the thoughts that were crowding thick and fast upon the mind of him who sat in the window "Matthews still owns it—that is the san above, looking out upon the moon-lit street; could they with him have recalled the memories which came over him-An old gentleman living near Newburyport, Mass, called for cough medicine at a
drug store the other day. The first dose

-the memories saddened by the vision of want
and hardship, and a moss-covered tombstone in the village church-yard—hard by
-the most careless and callous of them stiffened him out as stiff as a stake, and he would have prayed for a blessing on that

W-, at the time of its revisitation by in. and so he took another dose, and says that it is straightened him out stiffer than before. the somewhat eccentric Mr. Thompson, was a quiet country village, with scarcely two thousand inhabitants, and possessing no especial characteristics to distinguish it from the hundred other villages which nestle lovingly among the hills, or on the bosom of the landscape within a circuit bosom of the landscape within a circuit of a hundred wiles from the metropolis.

Matthews. This is Mr. Thompson, a generate a surprises would never end, or, rather, as if Mr. John Thompson's fund of eccentricities were inexhaustible, there appeared a day or two after, posted up all over the village, an invitation to high and low, rich and poor, young and old, to attend a struck. Mr. John Thompson had purbosom of the landscape within a circuit of a hundred miles from the metropolis. Extending along the turnpike road for a diatance of half a mile or more on either side were straggling rows of cottages, interspersed here and there with more ostentatious dwellings, while an occasional shop-window or sign peeped out from beneath the trees to vary the monotony.

down, and in half an hour the bargain was struck. Mr. John Thompson had purchased of Mr. Caleb Matthews all his right, title, and interest in the ten acres aforesaid, in consideration of the sum of the ten acres aforesaid, in consideration of the sum of the ten acres aforesaid, in consideration of the sum of the ten acres aforesaid, in consideration of the sum of the ten acres aforesaid, in consideration of the sum of the ten acres aforesaid, in consideration of the sum of the ten acres aforesaid, in consideration of the sum of the sum of the ten acres aforesaid, in consideration of the sum of the ten acres aforesaid, in consideration of the sum of the sum of the ten acres aforesaid, in consideration of the sum of the sum of the ten acres aforesaid, in consideration of the sum of the ten acres aforesaid, in consideration of the sum of the ten acres aforesaid, in consideration of the sum of the ten acres aforesaid, in consideration of the sum of the ten acres aforesaid, in consideration of the sum of A woman in Oxford County, Maine, eighty-two years old, who worked for twenty-five cents a day and saved the money, has just given \$300, her wages for four years, toward building a Universalist church.

At a spiritual meeting the other evening agentleman requested the most popular in the spiritual world. The reply was, "Reading our own obituary notices,"

A woman in Oxford County, Maine, shop-window or sign peeped out from besided to the said Caleb Statthews, (singly besided to be said Caleb Statthews, (singly besided by sindry) being the said Caleb Statthews, (singly besided to be said Caleb Statthews, (single said Caleb Stathews, (single said Caleb Statthews, (single said cale said Caleb Statthews, (single said Caleb Statthews, (single said Caleb Statthews, (single said cale said Caleb Stathews, (single said cale said cale said cale said cale said cale

hills, and meadows, and corn-fields, and

difficulty of their memories, failed to recall any relatives living in the remote city from which the new comes half. So, 2: any rate, thought the solitary passenger whom on that particular evening the mail coach brought to W—— He had been riding all day, had traveled for several days previous, he said, and was not a bit sorry to near the end of his journey. A rather singular looking old gentleman he was, too, at first sight, not a sone as year at first sight, not a sight sight and the same and of whom, after diffigent inquiry of their memories, failed to recall any relatives living in the remote city from which the new comer hailed. Speculations as to the old gentleman's financial it status were no less varied and diverse. The rusty garments in which he again made his appearance at breakfast on the morning succeeding his assent.

Reaching long, breathing loud, like a creviced wind blows.

Yet we broke not a whisper, we breathed not a prayer—

There was work to be done there was death in the local and the local He made a final and partially successful efforts, however, as they neared the vii-And the charce was as one to a thousand for all.

Gray nose to gray nose, and each steady mustang Stretched nervo till the hollow earth rang.

And the foam from the flank and the croup and the neck method from the flank and the croup and the neck.

Twenty miles! thirty miles!... a dim distant speck....

Twenty miles! thirty miles!... a dim distant speck....

Twenty miles! thirty miles!... a dim distant speck....

Then a long-reaching line and the Brazos in sight, and to left may stirrup and locked to my right. But Revels was goue; I garded by my shooler And saw his horse stagger; I saw his head droop-Hard on the brane, as so writer and bolder Range and now about the speck and the flank and the croup and the neck may be a storm deck.

Twenty miles! thirty miles!... a dim distant speck.....

Then a long-reaching line and the Brazos in sight, and one she have stagger; I saw his head droop-Hard on the brane, as so writer and bolder Range a man and partually successual the visit specific to my storm with the indication of naming you, sir, as my representative a quarter of a mile away, with the in-quiry of where Farmer Matthews' house and stretched nervo till the hollow a quarter of a mile away, with the in-quiry of where Farmer Matthews' house and stretched nervo till the hollow as the place changed much?

"Yess—yes—but a long time ago. Has the place changed much?"

"Precious little, to my knowledge, for where Farmer Matthews' house and stretched nervo till the hollow and stretched nervo till the hollow of the wark house and burned down and about in the payment when they all due; in return some years before, but the man had pointed out the spot, as near as he could, and gone out the spot, as near as he could, and gone out the spot, as near as he could, and gone out the spot, as near as he could, and gone out the spot, as near as he could, and gone out the spot, as near as he could, and gone out the spot, as near as he could, and gone out the spot, as near as he could, and gone out the spot, as near as he could, and

in these parts?"

with 'Squire Jessup, an elderly man, of is being made." genial, benevolent mein, whose mild greet-ing, as he ushered in his unexpected the good old lawyer, "a trust which I

wanted. do any better, propounded in rapid mono-syllables the inquiry whether he had any the cozy arm chair, removed his hat, and

"And how high do you want to pay for "A fair price, which you can better Matthews still owns it-that is the son of the old man, Joshua Matthews."

"Can you arrange an interview?"
"Yes, he lives near at hand. I can send "Better send for him then," said Mr. In less time than the old man had ex-

ally long-bearded country lawyers and ing to keep it long to himself. Between grave, knowing old judges can together him and a garrulous wife and half a dozen to plead "doubtful questions or right and brothers and their wives, the information wrong," and, last of all, the hotel, the soon spread itself through the village, and Washington House, the veritable head-quarters, twas said, of the Father of his sions with each repetition. Stories of the Country in the old Revolutionary days. One straying from this business center came in the one direction upon an old stone bridge spanning a swiftly running brook, and saw before him the dusty roat, winding its serpentine course up an almost interminable hill beyond; in the opposite direction he passed the village church, a relic of the olden days, renovated by modern hands and came suddenly upon the tercourse with any casual acquaintance. ern hands, and came suddenly upon the tercourse with any casual acquaintance. banks of a causi, the favorite resort of ur- As the days went on he even grew chins for swimming in summer and skat-ing in winter. And then beyond were passing an hour or two every morning surveying his newly bought ten acres groves, and swamps, and endless vista of tramping them over and over again, and worm fences, with here and there a farm busying himself in all sorts of quiet spechouse peeping out—in short, a scene of ulations. One day, just a week after the tranquil beauty, telling only of peace and purchase, he called on 'Squire Jessup.

> it carefully through, asked one or two questions, and then, folding it up again, laid it away in his capacious wallet, and

proceeded: "I wish to begin building at once. The plans and specifications for the proposed

on this side, now on that, now gazing closely at some one or another of the gaunt old dwellings embowered in flowers by the roadside, now leaning forward as some brook, or tree, or other familiar landmark mystery. After he had partaken of his and for several days thereafter there was came back to his memory. And so, as he looked and pondered, the vehicle came to a halt before the tavern door, and the jourthese parts?"
time appointed, 'Squire Jessup sent his "Well, there are three or four good client word that he was ready to see him "Well, there are three or four good ones," was the answer. "Squire Jessup, over the way, is about as sound and square a man as any of them, I guess."

"A young man?"

"No, sir, he's been practicing here these fifteen years, and must be hard onto fifty."

"I was ready to see him again. The terms were concluded satisfactorily, the papers were signed, Mr. Thompson deposited a check for one half the amount of the estimate, took a receipt for it, and directed that the work should be begun at once. "I am going away for a while," said he, "and will keep you ad-Thank you," said the visitor, and in a vised of my whereabouts, so that you may uarter of an hour after he was closeted write me from time to time what progress

and resigned expression of countenance marked him as one who simply condeler, went far to convince the latter that hope you will find has not been misplaced."

And they shook hands and parted, and anted.
"I shall have to request," said Mr. John Thompson in the direction from

A month passed away, and then another wiped his forehead with a great bandanna,
"I shall have to request that what I am
about to say to you, Mr. Jessup, shall be,
for the present, strictly confidential." The
lawyer nodded assent.

"A month passed away, and then another
and another, and the calm, genial days of
the Indian summer came around once
more to throw their garments of scarlet
and gold and russet over the fields and
orchards and woods about the peaceful A momentary gleam of the sordid seemed to overcome the submissive in the innkeeper's countenance, but it quickly faded
away again, as its owner said, "I trust we
shall be able to accommodate you, sir.
Please register you name."

The arranger glanged over the pages of
the strenger glanged over the pages of The stranger glanced over the pages of the book before him. Not an arrival that day—none the day before—in fact, only two for a week back. To this beggarly record of guests, he added his signature, scrawling in little, dried-up characters, which looked for all the world like himself the ineversely same "Lohn Thomps." self, the inexpressive name, "John Thompson, New Orleans."

At this sudden and direct interrogatory, the lawyer turned and looked his visitor. The old gentleman was fatigued, and after a little repast, all to himself, in the dinning-room, was shown up to his apartment, a corner bed chamber gorganust.

ple were already talking of the holidays. Just before the happy season arrived, came back, a sort of a harbinger of Santa Claus, Mr. John Thompson-not in a dusty stage coach in the twilight, but wrapped up in buffalo robes behind a lot of jingling sleigh-bells, and well into the ours of night. The next day his arrival was the town

topic; everybody had expected him, of course; he looked older many thought, but he was as active as ever, for all that—made In less time than the old man had expected, there came a rap on the door, and the brown, sunburned face of a man of thirty, tall, and uncouth in figure, peeped in. "Want to see me, 'Squire?"
"Yes," said the lawyer: "come in, Mr. Matthews. This is Mr. Thompson, a gentleman from the far South, who has taken the surprises would never end, or, rather, as if windows of the new building cast their broad glare down the snowy road and lit up the garden and grounds with a blaze of

inght. The host had no reason to regret the liberal hospitality, as standing at the wide doorway, he welcomed the throng of rich and poor, young and old, who, attracted by various motives, had come in response to his invitation. Squire Jessup, arrayed in his best suit, with high collar and hospitality and the second of the same standard of the and brass buttons, was everywhere among the guests, looking happy and proud as one who has discharged an important trust. And still the throngs flowed in at the doorway, and Mr. Thompson had a kind word for each; and then, finally, the great house was full of people. Just when the buzz of conversation and

the noise of many feet seemed at their eight, there came a sound of some one rapping to secure silence, and, looking around to discover the cause, the guests saw Mr. John Thompson standing on a chair in the center of the hall, evidently desirons of saying something. "Sh— sh—," when round the assembly. "Quiet, there," shouted some, and amid a science hardly to have been anticipated in such a crowd, the queer old man began to speak, though in a voice which seemed no onger sharp and testy, but softened and nulous with emotion.

"My friends," he said, "one and all who have come to visit me this evening and, I hope, to enjoy yourselves, I would ask your patience and forbearance while I relate a little story. On this same night a good many years ago, so many that I scarcely care to count them, there passed along yonder highway, through a driving storm and bitter cold, a poor young woman, leading by the hand a little boy of the hand a little boy man, leading by the hand a little boy of six years—her son. Whence she came, or how, matters not in my story. She was destitute, hungry and broken-hearted, but she saw the lights in yon village yonder, and was pressing on with a flerce energy toward hope and help in the distance. Alas! wearied nature could bear her up no more, and she sank down under the dark shadow of a tree by the roadside. Even then not forgetting to shield her poor child under her thread bare scanty gar-ments from the cutting blasts. They fell asleep. She is sleeping still in the dear old church-yard yonder. The little boy whom she warmed in her last embrace whom she warmed in her last embrace was spared by Providence to grow up to be the old man who now stands before you. God sent me kind and benevolent friends from among you in those terrible days adversity. For me 116 and the last embrace was sent them from this contracted misery to broad, pleasant and happy pastures in the West.—New York Tribuna.

The manager of a London theater serving one manager of a London theater serving one manager of the method of the contracted misery to broad, pleasant and happy pastures in the West.—New York Tribuna.

my way alone in the wide, wide world.

My friends, it has been a hard, long not to rest, sir! Rest when you've done ourney for these forty years. I have seen | your work, and not in the middle of it!" disease carry me to the verge of a tomb to which I had previously consigned all whom I loved. Storms and war and other a straight edge twelve inches in length. whom I loved. Storms and war and other misfortunes have, time and again, left me all but impoverished. Yet, I have come out unscathed, carrying with me through it all the remembrance of that unpretending tombstone in yonder churchyard, and the consciousness of one solemn imperative duty to be done before I die. That duty, by God's will, I shall to-night discharge. Navarnore if I can helpit, shall to-night discharge. Navarnore if I can helpit, shall to be a second of the spectators, owing the second of the spectators. a poor struggling mother perish in cold and want by your roadsides. Never shall your poor, your sick, your aged want for comfort, food and shelter. See! this building which I have caused to be erected do you know what it is for? For me, do you think? I expect never to enter it again. It is for your poor and sick and destitute. I have built it—" and here the old gentleman nervously pulled a document from his vest pocket. "See! here is a copy of a deed by which I have transferred this house and ground entire to the proper authorities for this purpose. In the proper authorities for this purpose. In doing this act I realize the dream, the amdoing this act I realize the dream to enter it when the tube, when the following dialogue took place: "Well, what do you want?" "Does Dr. Jones live here?" "Yes, what do you want?" "Does Dr. Jones live here?" "Yes, what do you want?" "Does Dr. Jones ive here?" "Yes, what do you want?" "In the habit of playing, and called him, and called Caper, but they were no where to be found.

By this time the sun had gone down.

Mr. Lee ran to a neighbor to get help to find his little boy. Poor Mrs. Lee was almost wild with fright. The news that Willy was in the habit of playing, and called him, and called Caper, but they were no where to be found.

By this time the sun had gone down.

Mr. Lee ran to a neighbor to get were no where to be found.

By this time the sun had gone down.

Mr. Lee ran to a neighbor to get were no where to be found.

By this time the sun had gone down.

Mr. Lee ran to a neighbor to get were no where to be found.

Some twenty was in the habit of playing, and called him, and called him, and called him, and called him, and called h -do you know what it is for? For me,

usic all ready in the other room for an old fashioned dance, and a good supper when you want it. Make yourselves as John Thompson." Amid tears and cheers, and countles wringings of his withered hands, the old gentleman descended from his chair, and

was lost in the crowd. He came to the surface once more in the first jig, dancing at a furious rate with the prettiest buxom lassic in the room, and then disappeared. The feasting and dancing went on until morning; but when the daylight stole in and the guests began to ask for Mr. Thompson, to bid him "good-bye," nobody had seen him—he had shot away behind some jingling sleigh-bells in the night, and has never since been back to W-

During the hot season the excessive use of iced water is one of the most pro-lific sources of disease and sudden death. In very hot weather, when water is rend ered extremely cold by the use of the cooler, no person should drink it in that condition, but should pour in, or draw from the hydrant, as much water of the ordinary temperature as will modify the iced water to about an October temperature. Then he may drink without damage. Nothing is worse for the teeth than ex and the simple country maid of all work, and the simple country maid of all work, whom Providence has enwho innocently held her ear to the key hole, after bidding the guest "goodnight," heard Mr. Thompson fuming and night," heard Mr. Thompson fuming and spoke, and the pride of an honest, generating the stomach. Not a few have suffered from whom), vases, and figures, and bird, was and in the stomach. Not a few have suffered from whom), vases, and figures, and bird, was and figures and the pride of an honest, generating the stomach. Not a few have suffered from congestions which were dangerous or from congestions where the congestion which were dangerous or from congestions which were dangerous or from congestions where the congestion whe spoke, and the pride of an honest, generated in the refractory catches, until finally the sashes went up, the blinds were flung open, and the operation culminated in an emphatic grunt about equally made up of disgust and satisfaction. Meanwhile the loungers down stairs were airing all sorts of random speculations as to the character and designs of the new comer—speculations which necessarily were of a most unsatisfactory nature, in view of the limited information to be extracted from the tacitum.

Spoke, and the pride of an honest, generous of the similar blue eyes as they met the attentive glames of the stranger. The latter felt reassured.

"To be brief then," said he, "I want you to buy me a piece of property—a part of the Matthews farm."

"A good piece of land, that," said the solut the whole ten acres with a huge gateway in front, so that now people could make it, he respensively in the stranger of the workmen all left, a monster padlock appeared at the gate, and lo! Mr. Thompson's place was finished and ready for an occupant.

The latter felt reassured.

"To be brief then," said he, "I want you to buy me a piece of property—a part of the Matthews farm."

"A good piece of land, that," said the continued, "including the site of the old farm-house which stood on the knoll near the road."

"I shall want about ten acres of it," he continued, "including the site of the old farm-house which stood on the knoll near the road."

"I shall want about ten acres of it," he continued, "including the site of the old farm-house which stood on the knoll near the workmen laid out paths and the workm from congestions which were dangerous or deathly. We remember a boy, smart, time, that, of all others, when the system was everheated, was not the time to use it so copiously. The next day he was not in the office, and the following day he did not come. The third day about noon he made his appearance, and looked as if he had had chills and fever for three months. He drank no more iced water that summer, and probably got a lesson which will last him his life-time. It is a wonder it did not kill him. A word to the wise is suffl-

cient.-Phrenological Journal. ENGORGEMENT OF A HEN'S CROP. Engorgement of a Hen's Cror.—
Early in the spring, a valuable Brahma
hen in our flock had eaten so largely of
snreds of corn-fodder as to completely
ongorge the crop, which was hard and
very much swollen. We took a fine pair
of scissors, and removing a few of the
feathers, cut open the skin of the breast
and exposed the crop. This was then
opened with the scissors for an inch in
length, and the mass of fodder removed.
A stitch was put through the lips of the A stitch was put through the lips of the wound and tied, other stitches were passed through the skin and secured, and the hen was released. The operation was perfect-

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

An iuch of rain falling upon an acre of land, weighs about 100 ton-PREMIUMS, policies and dividends paid in cash in the Washington Life In-surance Company, of New York. In is strange that grocers never belon rich, since they always give their goods a

"REMEMBER, life is but a dream; Its date the intermediate breath we draw. Insure in the Mutual Life, of Chicago. A NEW ORLBANS man who tried to frighten his wife by playing burglar, hopes to recover, even if they can't find the ball. Ir is announced, upon the best medical

man who has a pain in his side. A Urica man sat on his umbrella at a ecture to prevent its theft. When he got up it was gone, and he wants to know where and how. IN THE DRESSING-ROOM.-Husband-

"Mary, dear, aren't you well; why don't you come down stairs?" Wife-"Oh, T've got one eyebrow blacker than the other, and I can't find a pencil anywhere, and it won't wash eff; I don't know what to do at all." THE New Bedford Mercury says Charles D. Wrightington, a mechanical genius of Fairhaven, has recently completed a

miniature steam engine, perfect in every detail, of about one mouse power. The boiler is three inches long, and the machine contains over 800 pieces, some of which are of gold. It runs finely.

THREE McCartys, one with a baby, have walked from Indianapolis to Phila-delphia to look after a tract of land belonging to Cornelius Titus McCarty, de-ceased. The Philadelphia Press says they were dusty and bare-footed after their tramp for thirteen weeks. They begged their food along the route. NEARLY 3,000 persons—a population greater than that of the average American

villages—make day miserable and night hideous in the single block of tenement houses bounded by Baxter, Park, Mulberry and Bayard streets. Yet nothing can tempt them from this contracted

God sent me kind and benevolent irrenus from among you in those terrible days of some music, that one of the panu was one panulos on the shoulder—"Why are you not play on the shoulder—"Why are you not play." "I have twelve bars rest, sir," which character I have to thank those of you (and there may be some here who remember the incident) who took me in their keeping, and provided for me until, in an ungrateful day, I stole away to make my way alone in the wide, wide world.

which he was standing and touched him on the shoulder—"Why are you not play and on the shoulder—"Why are you not play ing, sir?" I have twelve bars rest, sir," answered the musician. "Rest? Don't talk to me about rest, sir! Don't you get your salary, sir? I pay you to play and

Nevermore, if I can help it, shall to the imperfect manner in which the victory mother perish in cold time had been attached to the block.

To the nervousness of the extend to the victory manner in which the victory mother perish in cold time had been attached to the block.

When she came to the gate by the road, which the victory manner in which the victory mother perish in cold time had been attached to the block.

A FEW nights since, at a late nour, and speaking-tube at the office-door of one of New Haven's popular physicians was used New Haven's popular physicians was used the trees, for the weather was very warm. speaking-tube at the onice-was speaking-tube at the onice-was speaking-tube at the onice-was in a sound sleep, when he was partially awakened by a "hialloo" through the tube, when the following dialogue took place: "Well, what to wing dialogue took place: "Well, what were no where to be found.

By this time the sun had gone down.

Mr. Lee ran to a neighbor to get by little boy. Poor little doing this act I realize the dream, the and doing this act I realize the dream, the and doing this act I realize the dream, the and doing this act I realize the dream, the and doing this act I realize the dream, the and doing this act I realize the dream, the and doing this act I realize the dream, the and doing this act I realize the dream, the and the doing this act I realize the dream, the and doing this act I realize the dream, the and doing this act I realize the dream, the and doing this act I realize the dream, the and doing this act I realize the dream, the and doing this act I realize the dream, the and doing this act I realize the dream, the and doing this act I realize the dream, the and doing this act I realize the dream, the and doing this act I realize the dream, the and doing this act I realize the dream, the and doing this act I realize the dream, the and doing this act I realize the dream, the and doing the area of the area the street at a rate that defied pursuit. A NEW and valuable invention has lately

when you want it. Make yourselves as happy as you can, but I doubt whether, at the height of your glee, there will be one among you who is half as happy as old John Thompson."

A NEW and vandable investion makely been made by an engineer on the Eastern Division of the Eric Railway. It consists of an arrangement by which an engineer of a locomotive can instantly change his headlight from a white to a red light. This headlight, connected with the cab of the engine by a rod, by which a red glass is drawn over the disc. The peculiar advantages of this light are developed on a double track. When two trains are approaching each other on different tracks. is done by means of levers inside the headlight, connected with the cab of the proaching each other on different tracks and one meets with an accident which en-cumbers both tracks with the wreck, the ight can be instantly changed, thus show-ng the danger signal immediately, and hus saying the three or four minutes necessary for a man to run ahead with the

> THE new explosive called lithofracteur, iterally stone breaker, has attracted considerable attention in Europe. It is composed of nitro glycerine, gun-cotton, chlorates, infusorial earth, and the constitchlorates, infusorial earth, and the constituents of gunpowder. The exact proportions and the manipulation in the preparation of the compound are known only to the inventor, Professor Engels, and the manufacturers, Gebruder & Krebs, of Cologne. It is of the consistence of soft putty, and cannot be exploded by concussion. When lighted in the open air it.
>
> So he kept on till he went close to the explose to the explosure of the consistence of the co sion. When lighted in the open air, it simply burns without explosion; when confined and ignited by fulminate, its confined and ignited by fulminate, its power is fully developed. The Prussians power is tuny developed. The Frussians used it for destroying siege guns after the capture of Fort Issy. It is now used for blasting purposes in England. One pound and one and a half ounces of lithofracteur ractured twenty-six feet of rock, and a similar quantity of the explosive brought down twenty tons of rock and loosened an enormous mass behind the bore. This new compound is gaining ground in Eu-rope from its non-liability to explode in transportation, by concussion, or by the changes in the atmosphere.

Two Kinds of People.

One of the most severely proper saints that I ever knew was a person who never had any influence over me. I would never have thought of telling her a secret, or of confessing a fault. But it was different with old Aunt Chandler. She was one of those happy fat women—bountifully big outside and in. If she caught me stealing apples, she would take me into the house as if for castigation, and then would put the apples in the drawer and give them to me one by ene; and when I was put to bed without my supper—which, to a boy growing at the rate of ten knots an hour, was no small thing—she would bring me bread and cheese while mother was praying. I felt guilty for liking the bread and cheese while mother was praying. I felt guilty for liking the bread and cheese while mother was praying. Once my father said to me, "Henry, do you want to go hunting with me?" It was a moment of trancendent joy. But Aunt Chandler, not knowing of the invitation, asked me to go to Collins' store for some snuff. I loved her too well to refuse. I

raced down the street, and raced back, but father was gone. You may laugh, but that was the darkest hour of my life, and I was released. The operation was perfectly successful.—Hearth and Home.

The Country Gentleman says that cultivators frequently allow raspberry bushes to run rampant the season through, and do the pruning the following spring, when much severe cutting is requisite in bringing the plants into shape. A proper share of attention at the right time, and a small amount of labor, will enable the owner to bring them into a suitable form, retain all Youths' Department.

SEWING.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD, we by the window there site to-day, A dear rittle maiden—her name is Rose;
And her thoughts are out with the birds at play,
And her needle drags through the seam she sew.
The thread provokes her, beyond a doubt;
It knots and snarles; and the needle tries
To murder her patience out and out,
For it pricks her finger. "O, dear!" she cries.

I see the trouble she cannot see; The witches are playing their pranks with Ros They dance around her in sportive glee, And, O, how they laugh at her tearful woes! They twitch the thread as it leaves her hand, They knot, and tangle, and twist it wrong; And poor little Rose cannot understand Why her sowing-hour should be so long.

"I don't mind sewing on rainy days," Said the restless Rose, "but it seem Said the restless Rose, "but it seems to be A cruei thing to give up my plays When all out-doors is enticing me! This seam can wait, but my heart rebels, And longs to carry me far away, Tothe woods, to the beach where I gather shells 0, how can I work when I want to play!"

A bird leaned bard on the rose's stem, And best the bad till it fanned her cheek, And Rose, through her tears, looked out at them And fancied she heard them softly speak. "If I were you, little girl," they said,
"I would hurry and finish what I'd begun,
"I would hurry and finish what I'd begun,
"And keep my mind on that hit of thread,
Nor think of play till the work was done!"

She smiled through her cears, and head,
head,
And plied her needle with haste and skill;
"I'll put my heart in my work," she said;
"And that will help me; I know it will!"
I saw the fairies she could not see;
They polished the needle, and smoothed the thread,
And danced around her in sportive glee,
And the sewing-hour was quickly sped,
—Our Young Folks.

Willy and His Dog.

When Willy was about six years old, his father lived in a mining country, where lead is found under the ground. In searching for lead, the miners begin by digging a large round hole, which they call a shaft. There was a shaft in Mr. Lee's pasture, which some miners had begun, but had abandoned before it was very

At that time Willy was a very little fellow; but he knew a good deal for a boy of his age. He knew how to read and write. He often wrote letters to his uncles and aunts, which pleased them very much: for, though he did not write as grown-up people do, his letters were just as plain as print.

So when his birthday came, one of his aunts sent him a little writing-book to carry in his pocket. There was a place in the book for a pencil, and his aunt had put a nice little red pencil in it, so that Willy might write just when he pleased.
Willy thought a great deal of this little
book, and always kept it in his pocket.
One day he called his dog, and said, "Come, Caper, let us have a play;" and away ran Willy and the dog to have a play ther under the trees.

and looked out, and could not see Willy and looked out, and could not see Willy empire, but was finally permanently atwith him, and thought they would come back before long. She waited an hour, Suffavean Shah of Persia.—Missouri Re-A FEW nights since, at a late hour, the she met Mr. Lee, and told him how long speaking-tube at the office-door of one of Willy had been gone. Mr. Lee thought he

> all the men and women turned out to hunt. They hunted all night; but Willy was not

When daylight came, Mr. Lee got home, looking very pale, and his voice trembled as he spoke of his darling boy. As to the poor mother, her heart seemed to be

The neighbors were gathered round, and all were trying to think what to do next, when Caper came bounding into the room There was a string tied round his neck,

shaft. Oh! how glad he was when his dear papa caught him in his arms and lifted him out! And his mother—I cannot tell you how glad she was. Sometimes she cried, and sometimes she laughed, as she held him in her arms, and looked into his face, to be sure that nothing was wrong with him.

Now, I will tell you how Willy came to

be in the shaft. He was playing with Caper in the yard, when he thought he would climb over the fence and take a little run in the pasture. He soon found himself on the green grass under the great trees; and then he though he would run So he kept on till he came to the shaft.

tried very hard to get out, but could not He could just reach the top of the shaft with his hand, but no farther. When his good little dog saw that his when his good intile dog saw that his master was in the shaft, he would not leave him, but ran round and round, reaching down, and trying to pull him out; but, while Caper was pulling Willy by the coat-sleeve, a piece of sod gave way under his feet, and he fell in too.

Willy called his mother and father as loudly as he could, but the corner of the

pasture was so far from the house, that no one could hear him. He cried and called till it was dark; and then he lay down on

ground, and Caper lay down close beside him. How glad Willy was to have his dog with him! It was not long before Willy cried himself to sleep.

When he awoke, it was morning; and he began to think of a way to get out. His little writing-book was in his pocket. His little writing-book was in his pocket.

He took it out, and, after a good deal of trouble, wrote the letter to his papa. Then he tore the leaf out, and took a string out of his pocket, and tied it round Caper's neck, and tied the letter to it. Then he lifted the dog up, and helped him out, and said to him, "Go home, Caper, or the letter to it."

Put Salt in it.

"Mother, what makes you put salt in everything you cook? Everything you make you put in a little salt, and some-times a great deal."

"Why not?"
"You didn't put any salt in it." "Mother," said Annie a day or two afterward, "Jane Wells is the worst girl I ever saw; she slaps her little brother, and ulls his hair, and acts real hateful. When I told her it was naughty to do so, and if she would be kind to her brother he would be kind to her, she only spoke seven hours out of the twenty-four.

ugh to me, and hit him again. Why won't she take my advice, mother?"
"Perhaps you don't put any salt in it. Season your words with grace, my child. Ask help of God in all you say and do, and your words, spoken in the spirit or Christ, will not fall to the ground. Don't forget to put salt in it, or else it won't taste good."

Letters of Recommendation.

A gentleman advertised for a boy to assist him in his office, and nearly fifty applicants presented themselves to him. Out of the whole number he in a short Out of the whole number he is a sort time selected one, and dismissed the rest. "I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you selected that boy, who had not a single recommendation." "You are mistaken," said the gentle man, "he had a great many. He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him, showing that he was careful. He gave up his seat instantly to that lame old man, showing that he was kind and thoughtful. He took off his cap when he came in, and answered my questions promptly and respectfully, showing he was polite and gentlemanly. He picked up the book which I had purposely laid upon the floor, and replaced it on the table, while all the rest stepped over it or shoved it aside; and he waited quietly for shoved in the show th his turn, instead of pushing and crowding, showing that he was honest and orderly. When I talked with him, I noticed that his clothes were carefully brushed, his hair in nice order, and his teeth as white as milk; and when he wrote his name, I noticed that his finger nails were clean, in-stead of being tipped with jet, like that handsome little fellow's, in the blue jacket. Don't you call those things letters of recommendation? I do, and I would give more for what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes ten minutes, than all the fine letters he can bring me.—Little Cor-

Khorassan.

This place where, according to our tele-grams, hundreds of human beings are daily dying for want of food, and the starving people are actually reduced to cannibalism, lies between lattitude 31—38 degrees 30 minutes N., and longitude 53—62 degrees 30 minutes E., and is the largest province in Persia, containing 210,000 square miles. Nearly one-third of this area is a sait waste; a large portion of the remainder consists of plains of shifting sands, leaving a comparatively small part susceptible of cultivation. The fertile districts are in the North, where the high range of the Elburz Mountains crosses the country, throwing out spurs, thus forming an ele-vated district abounding in well-watered valleys. Art assists the work of nature by means of canals, which conduct water wherever it is most needed; but this system of irrigation, though much used in ancient times, has been to a great extent abandoned on account of the incessant in-ternal troubles which have disturbed the province for many centuries past. The chief products of Khorassan are grain, cotton, silk, hemp, tobacco, aromatic and medicinal plants, fruits and wine. Gold, silver and precious stones are to be found there, and large numbers of camels, horses and asses are raised. There are also manufactories of silk, woollen, camel's and goat's hair fabrics, as well as muskets and sword blades. The principal towns are Meshed, the capital; Nishapur, Yezd, and Astrabad. The inhabitants are mostly Mohammedans of the Shish sect. In former days Khorassan included the desert of Khiva or Kharasm, and the district now known as the kingdom of Herat; but the first was separated from by it by the warlike Seljuks at the beginning of the eleventh century, and the latter about 1510 willy's mamms was very busy; but she loved her little boy so well that she soon began to miss him. She went to the door began to miss him. She went to the door several times disunited from the Persian several times disunited from the Persian several times disunited from the Persian several times distinct from the Persian several times distinct the several times the several time it has been more than once seized and held a short period by the several times the several time it has been more than once seized and held a short period by the several times the several time it has been more than once seized and held a short period by the several times distinct the seve

National Bank Circulation.

WASHINGTON, July 28. tional Banks, to date, is \$318,686,999. The act of July 12, 1870, authorized the issue of \$54,000,000 additional circulation, and the establishment of Gold National upon the deposit of United States bonds at the rate of 80 per cent. upon the par value thereof. Since the passage of the act, circulation has been issued to the fol-

lowing States:			
Virginia		Georgia	
Illinois	653,900	Kansas	176,100
West Virginia .	950,000	North Carolina	609,000
Mich gan	1.168	Missouri	1,290,100
	2,200,000	South Carolina.	358,000
ndiana			219,000
		Texas	145,000
Ohio		Colorado	61,000
		New Mexico	155,000
owa			137,000
Louisiana	1.80 \ 000	Alabama	260,000
Minnesota		California	8,205

The law requires that one half of the increased circulation shall be apportioned among those States not having an excess was a letter from Willy. He read it aloud. It said, "O pa! come to me. I am in the big hole in the pasture."

Everybody ran at once to the far corner of the pasture, and there, sure enough, was Willy, alive and well, in the shaft. Oh! how glad he was when his ably be ascertained with any accuracy un-til about the 1st of October. It is probable, however, there will be sufficient cir-culation for all of the Southern and Western States when the full census returns are received. No additional circulation can be issued to the Eastern and Middle

What the Microscope Reveals-With a Moral.

with the microscope, of which fifty-seven millions would only equal a mite.

Insects of various kinds may be seen in the cavities of a grain of sand. Mold is a forest of beautiful trees, with the branches, leaves and fruit. Butterflies are fully feathered.

Hairs are hollow tubes. The surface of our bodies is covered with scales like a fish; a single grain of sand would cover one hundred and fifty of these scales, and yet a scale covers five hundred pores. Through these narrow openings the sweat forces itself like water through a sieve.

The mites make five hundred steps a

Each drop of stagnant water contains world of animated beings, swimming with as much liberty as whales in the sea. Each leaf has a colony of insects grazing on it, like cows on a meadow.

Moral.—Have some care as to the air you breathe, the food you eat, and the water you drink.—Home and Health.

An old farmer went into a store in New London, Conn., some time ago, and after purchasing and paying for a small quanity of goods went out, leaving his pocketbook open on the counter. One of the clerks discovered it and resolved to tamper with it. Visiting one of his own pockets, he selected three fifty-cent shinplasters, redeemable 200 years after date, in a new kind of bitters. These he sandwiched with the currency in the pocket-book, which he returned to the place where he found it, and patiently awaited results. Before many minutes elapsed the results. Before many minutes elapsed the countryman rushed in and excitedly in-u red about a "middling good sized wailet—had it been lyin' 'round the store?"
"Hasn't, sir," said the clerk. "Oh, there
it is now!" exclaimed the man, as he it is now!" exclaimed the man, as he caught sight of it and successfully raked "So spoke observing Annie as she stood "looking on."

"Well, Annie, I'll make you a little loaf of bread without any of it, and see if you can find out."

"O mother it doesn't taste a bit good" said she after she had tasted of it.

"Why not?"

"You don't have a she stood in the lost sheepskin. On looking over the contents to see if it was all right, he discovered the bitters money, and great was his grief. "Where in thunder did I get that stuff? "said he. "By fleugin, that's tough!" And he forthwith set out to find the party who had passed it on the party who had passed it on the lost sheepskin. On looking over the contents to see if it was all right, he discovered the bitters money, and great was his grief. "Where in thunder did I get that stuff? "said he. "By fleugin, that's tough!" And he forthwith set out to find the party who had passed it on the lost sheepskin. On looking over the contents to see if it was all right, he discovered the bitters money, and great was his grief. "Where in thunder did I get that stuff? "said he. "By fleugin, that's tough!" And he forthwith set out to find the party who had passed it on the lost sheepskin. On looking over the contents to see if it was all right, he discovered the bitters money, and great was his grief. "Where in thunder did I get that stuff?" said he. "By fleugin, that's tough!" And he forthwith set out to find the party who had passed it on the lost sheepskin. On looking over the contents to see if it was all right, he discovered the bitters money, and great was his grief. "Where in thunder did I get that stuff?" and he forthwith set out to find the party who had passed it on the lost sheepskin. On looking over the contents to see if it was all right, he discovered the bitters money, and great was his grief. "Where in the lost sheepskin." I have a store the lost sheepskin. On looking over the contents to see if it was all right. that's tough!" And he forthwith set out to find the party who had passed it on him. The greater part of the afternoon was spent in this way, but the poor un-fortunate man was unable to accomplish fortunate man was unable to accomplish his object, and went home sadde, and poorer in his own estimation

-The average length of time spent at